



For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER. Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally constipated, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving a gloominess which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickling sensation of the skin exists, which are cold and dependent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrust every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but each has occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, who suffer from any of the above symptoms.

Persons Travelling or Living in Unhealthy Localities. By taking a dose occasionally to keep the Liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malaria, Bilious attacks, Diarrhoea, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It is a purgative like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If You have eaten anything hard of digestion, or feel heavy after meals, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator.

For whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe, purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The Regulator is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PURELY VEGETABLE. And has all the power and efficacy of Colman's Mustard, without any of the injurious after-effects.

A Governor's Testimony. Simmons' Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ala. says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

"The only thing that never fails to relieve me," says a sufferer from Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, "but never found anything to benefit me to the extent of Simmons' Liver Regulator. It is a safe and sure remedy, and would advise all who are similarly afflicted to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve."

Dr. T. W. Mason, of Ala. says: "I have derived some benefit from the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial."

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE BRIDE'S TOILETTE.

BY ELLEN MCKAY HUTCHINSON.

[The Concocter, 1793.]

"Dance! how the moments go,
And the bride is now ready!
Quick! don these little shoes,
White as your feet is,
Ho, Jean, Saint Gaudine!
Lover these fine beauties!"

"Now these long locks must go—
Monseigneur is waiting!
Short in the hour he gives
To wooing and mating,
Thee, you fool, the shears—
Time this was ended!"

Down falls the golden hair,
Once lovingly tended,
So from her prison doors
Forth went the lady:
Silent the bridegroom stood,
Not a sound made he.
Oh, but he clasped her close—
"Was a brave lover!"

"Dance, dance, La Carmagnole!
The bride is over!"

BORROWING AND LENDING.

BY ELLEN MCKAY HUTCHINSON.

If Miss Matty Rice had yawned once since breakfast, she had yawned a score of times; and even pretty Eveline was growing drowsy over her embroidery by the window. For it was a hopelessly rainy day in mid-October, with the sky veiled in dark gray mist, the tinted leaves floating down into matted layers of dim color around the columns of the piazza, and the tall dahlias nearly prostrated by the steady down pour. No walks, no gathering of ferns, mosses, berries, in the still delicious woods; no dreamy rambles to the mountain-tops; and, worst and saddest of all, nothing to read.

"And I won't be deluded into working worsteds," said Matty, "nor yet in crevella and Kensington stitch. Eveline, where is that delightful little book that papa was reading aloud of last night?"

"Do you mean the 'Recreations of a Country Parson'?" said Eveline, comparing two shades of rose-colored wool.

"If that's the name of it—yes," said Matty, "he took it to the city with him," said Eveline. "I saw it sticking out of his coat pocket, when he was running for the train."

"How provoking!" sighed Matty, clasping her dimpled hands above her head; "when it's the book of all books that I should like to read on a day like this."

"Mr. Winton has a copy of it," said Eveline, threading a worsted-needle with the very darkest shade of garnet.

"But what good will that do me?" said Matty, disconsolately.

"Borrow it," suggested Eveline. "Every body borrows every thing in a place like this; and I'm sure Mr. Winton would be glad to oblige you."

"But how?" urged Matty. "The hotel is at least half a mile away."

"Send Nora."

"Nora, indeed! I don't suppose Nora ever did an errand in her life," said Matty.

"Then it's high time she began," laughingly suggested Eveline. "Write a note, and—"

"I'd rather send a verbal message," said Matty; "and I wouldn't send at all if I wasn't dying to read the end of that essay that papa began last night."

Nora, deep in the energetic occupation of blacking the kitchen-stove was summoned up stairs.

"Nora," said Matty, impressively, "I want you to go to the hotel. You know where the hotel is?"

"Sure an' I do, miss," said Nora, with wide-open mouth, and eyes of intense attention.

"And ask for Mr. Winton, and tell him that Miss Matty Rice sends compliments, and would like to borrow the 'Recreations of a Country Parson.'"

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A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.

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NO. 16.

"Yes'm," said Nora.
"You're sure you understand?"
"Yes'm, an' why wouldn't I?" promptly retorted Nora, rather nettled by this implied aspersion on her powers of comprehension.

"And come back as quick as you can."
"Sure an' it's me that will," said Nora.

And presently the two sisters caught a glimpse of her stout Milesian figure beneath the folds of a rusty water-proof cloak, with a mammoth cotton umbrella held over her head, disappearing behind the huge leaves of the rhododendron hedge.

"I hope she won't be long," said Matty.

"Why should she?" said serene Eveline.

And she went on composedly with the pomegranate blossom that she was embroidering, while Matty sat down to the little cabinet-piano, and tried to pick out the notes of some dreary little refrain, which had haunted her ever since she heard it at the opera last winter, with Patti smiling on the stage, and the full orchestra thundering out its strains.

And Nora, plunging down the ravine, like any thing but a wood-nymph, plashed her way to the hotel, going a quarter of a mile out of her road on account of a spotted snake, and stopping for a good chat with a fellow-Illusioner who was on his way to the post-office.

"There," said Nora, as she turned away from Teddy O'Hara, "an' sure I've forgotten the name as clane as if I never had heard it."

"Whose name was it, alanna?" consolingly demanded Colonel Ross' coachman, whose soft nothings had put the message so completely out of Nora's head.

"There was somethin' in it about the 'Recreations of a Country Parson,'" said Nora, twisting herself into the letter S, with the violent attempt at recollection which she forced herself.

"There ain't no rectory hereabouts," said Teddy. "Sure it ain't built yet! But the parson he's up on the hotel steps. I seen him there as I came byest. A tall young gentleman, with a high vest—for all the wurdle like Father Rockwell—an' spectacles as gintle as ye please. Is it a message you've got for him, Nora, mavourneen?"

"I'm to borrow him!" said Nora, fixing her dull, glassy glare on Teddy O'Hara's astonished face.

"To borrow him?" repeated Teddy.

"Yes, sure!" Nora answered, doggedly. Teddy uttered a whistle.

"It's the queerest loan never I heard of," said he. "An' if it's a fair question, who is it wants him?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," repeated Nora, with parrot-like promptitude, "and she wants to borrow the parson."

Teddy exploded into a laugh.

"Sure, an' if it was leep year," said he, "I should think it meant somethin'. I never heard such a message in all me born days before. But I must make haste, or the post will be too late for me."

Away trudged Teddy, stopping ever and anon to laugh in the dripping autumn woods, while Nora kept on to the hotel, all unconscious of the curious transformation that had befallen her luckless message.

"Is the parson here?" demanded she, shaking her umbrella until it sent forth a miniature water-spout of flying drops, and stamping the mud off her feet on the steps of the mountain hotel, which was still well-filled with the guests who had lingered to see the splendors of the October frosts among the woods.

The hotel clerk, who had just come out to glance at the barometer, stared at her; the young ladies on the wide verandah giggled; the stout old gentlemen, who were walking up and down the boards to gain their daily two miles of exercise, stopped short; and a spectacle, grave-looking in young man, who was talking with a lady just beyond, glanced around, as if he fancied that he were personally interested.

"Do you want the—clergyman?" said the hotel clerk, doubtful, yet polite.

"Is it a stone-mason or a chimney-sweeper I'd be makin', d'ye think?" retorted Nora, beginning to imagine that she was being made game of.

"I am the clergyman," said the spectacled gentleman, stepping courteously forward at this juncture. "Is there any thing I can do for you?"

"Miss Matty Rice's compliments," said Nora, without in the least abating the shrillness of her voice, "an' she wants to borrow you."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Fontaine, "but I'm not quite sure that I understand you, my good woman?"

"I'm speakin' the English language, sure," said Nora, somewhat affronted. "She wants to borrow you."

"But what for?" said the parson, ignoring the litters of the group which was now fast gathering on the verandah.

"To amuse herself with this rainy day," said Nora. "You're to come back wid me, please. I was to bring you. Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and—"

"Really," said Mr. Fontaine, "this is very strange."

"The Rice's live in the little Swiss cottage by Haldino Falls," suggested the hotel clerk. "Gentlemen goes up and down to the city every day. Keeps a little pony carriage, with—"

"You're to come back wid me, please," said Nora. "The Rectory," or "The Country Parson." Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and—"

Mr. Fontaine, hurriedly surveying the situation in his mind's eye, decided that it was better to obey this strange behest.

And putting on his water-proof wrap, and arming himself with a light silk umbrella, he accompanied Nora to the great buzzing and whispering of the group on the verandah.

Miss Rice was listlessly watching Eve-

leen's embroidery, as the door bounced open and Nora rushed in, exclaiming:

"Here he is! I've brought him!"

"Brought whom?" said Matty, in surprise.

"The country parson," said Nora. "There wasn't no rectory. I inquired for it, but it wasn't built."

"What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Matty, in amazement.

And then Mr. Fontaine walked in, holding his hat in his hand.

"I am the clergyman," said he. "Can I be of any use?"

Matty colored a deep cherry-pink.

"Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" she faltered; "but there is some dreadful mistake here. I sent Nora to the hotel to borrow a book, and she has brought me back—a man!"

"A book?" said Mr. Fontaine.

"Yes," said Matty, trying harder and harder to keep back her laughter as the comic side of the circumstance forced itself upon her. "The 'Recreations of a Country Parson.' Mr. Paul Winton has it."

Mr. Fontaine began to laugh. So did Matty and Eveline; and in five minutes they were the best friends in the world. Mr. Fontaine stayed to lunch, and they never knew how that long, rainy morning whirled itself away, until at last the blue rifts of sky spread their banners above the pine-trees on old Sky-Top, and every shining drop was transformed into a tiny rainbow.

Mr. Fontaine came often after that. So did Mr. Paul Winton, the owner of the genuine "Country Parson." And when the family closed their cottage, and returned to the city, the two young men discovered that the journey to Philadelphia was not such a very long one. And there is every probability that the lacking rectory will be built in the spring, and that the country parson will bring a pretty young wife there; at least so says popular gossip.

"Dear, stupid old Nora!" says Matty Rice, "it was all her doing. And she shall have a home with me always."

"But blunders don't always terminate so successfully," Eveline gravely remarks.

Matty shakes her head. She will not concede this to be a blunder at all. Only—a coincidence.

A BLOODY DAY AT ASHLAND.

Collision Between a Manned Mob and the Militia—A Battle on the Water-Front—Citizens Killed, Seven of the Mob Dangerously Wounded, and Sixteen Spectators Shot by the Soldiers—A Day of Death and Disaster.

Courier-Journal Special, Nov. 2.

CATLETTSBURG, Nov. 1.—This has been a day long to be remembered by the citizens of this county. It is a day that has brought to an untimely end the lives of five of our citizens, and suffering from wounds to twenty-three others; a day that placed another dark stain upon the escutcheon of our old Commonwealth. It has been evident since last night that there would be a collision between the state troops on duty here and the Ashland mob. The troops were kept under arms most all last night, while the mob had possession of the railroad at Ashland and stopped all west-bound trains on the E. L. & B. S. railroad, to see if the troops with the prisoners, Neal and Craft, were on board. This morning the news came here that their numbers had been swelled by additions from Ironton and Geigerville until they numbered 500. Maj. Allen, commanding the troops, decided to take a steamboat to Mayville, and had their baggage hauled to the wharfboat. This information was at once conveyed to the mob, and they at once took charge of an engine and some cars and ran a train here, bringing about 300 men, mostly armed with shot-guns, muskets, rifles and revolvers. The train reached here about 1 p. m. Maj. Allen divided his forces, placing them in position to command Main and Division streets, which run from the river to the depot. He planted his artillery so as to sweep Main street.

A COMMITTEE FROM THE MOB came from the train to Maj. Allen and demanded of him the surrender to them of the prisoners, Neal and Craft. The Major replied that "he would not do so; that he did not desire any trouble, but he would protect the prisoners against mob violence, even at the sacrifice of his own life and the lives of his command." The committee returned to the train, avowing their intention to fight. Their appearance produced the greatest excitement among the citizens, and for a time it looked as if the matter would be settled there. In the meantime, the steamer Granite State, for Cincinnati, arrived, and the troops took their prisoners and went aboard, and the boat steamed off down the river. The mob boarded their train and at lightning speed returned to Ashland, reaching there some five or ten minutes before the boat came in sight. Your correspondent was on the train. There were at least two thousand excited people—men, women and children—gathered on Front street in the vicinity of the public landing. The mob left the train and rushed to the river, where about fifty or sixty boarded the ferryboat and steamed out into the river, while the others remained on the levee. The ferryboat blew a hail, but the Granite State did not heed it. The troops were formed in line on the guards of the boat, and some on deck, fronting Ashland and the ferryboat. The boats came within about 100 yards of each other.

THE MOB OPENED FIRE on the troops, which was instantly returned. At this time several shots were fired from the shore, which caused the troops to direct a few volleys at those on the bank. The crowd on the shore began to go pell-mell to places of safety, but many failed to reach them in time. The firing did not last over two minutes, but the result to the citizens was indeed fatal. There were five killed, sitting in the Chatraoi railroad office. Mr.

Robt. Pritchard, of this place, was sitting in one of the Chatraoi railroad coaches and was slightly wounded in the face, and in attempting to get off the train fell and broke his leg. The wildest confusion prevailed; women and children were frantic, screaming and running in every direction, but the most touching scene was when the families and friends were gathered around

THE DEAD, DYING AND WOUNDED.

The physicians did all in their power for the wounded, who were conveyed to their homes or the houses of friends. Three of the wounded were from Ironton. O. The ferryboat was literally riddled with bullets; a ball entered her man-head and disabled her until she had to be towed ashore. The pilot-house was torn all to pieces with bullets, but the pilot, Will Kouns, escaped with a slight wound in the hand. The Ashland Hotel and the houses in the first block above it were considerably battered with bullets. Before I left Ashland a report was in circulation that the captain and mate of the Granite State and two soldiers were killed. There is great excitement in Ashland, and strong threats were made against Judge Brown.

THE CITIZENS KILLED.

Those who were killed are:

Col. Reper.

Geo. Keener.

An infant child of Mrs. Danlap's.

James McDonald.

John Baugh.

The first three named were only spectators, and the other two were of the mob on the ferryboat.

THE WOUNDED ARE

Will Searcy, in the leg.

Mrs. Lath, mortally wounded in the abdomen.

Julius Summers, in the leg.

Will Springer, in the shoulder.

Mart Dunlap, in the shoulder.

Alex. Walters, fatally in the head.

Will Meyers, in the hip.

Mrs. H. B. Butler, in the leg.

Chas. Bolinger, in the leg.

Tom Demaro, in both feet.

O. H. Dixon, in the hand.

Tom Bird, in the shoulder.

Geo. Warnock, in the head.

Martin Green, of color, in the leg.

M. A. Ball, in the leg.

John Gallagher, in the face and leg.

Graham Randall, colored, in the shoulder.

Dr. Gill, in the arm.

Alex. Harris, in the hip.

Will Kouns, in the hand.

Of the wounded, there were only seven that were on the ferryboat; most of the others were unfortunate spectators, some of whom were in second and third stories of houses on Front street. Mrs. Butler was very much incensed against Judge Brown for having the troops brought here. It was unfortunate that an impression prevailed that the troops would

SURRENDER THE PRISONERS rather than hurt any citizens. It was this foolish idea that brought about the trouble and destruction of human life. The people here feel much anxiety for the safety of Judge Brown. It is hoped, however, that the sad lesson of to-day will forever prevent further action by mobs in this county and state.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

IRONTON, O., Nov. 1.—Craft and Neal, having been granted a change of venue to Carter county, would have been taken to Lexington via the E. L. & B. S. railroad yesterday, to await their trial in February, but Maj. Allen was advised that the citizens would tear up the track and attempt to capture the prisoners. It was then decided to take them to Mayville by the Mountain Boy last night, but fog arose and the boat could not get away, when it was decided to put them on the Granite State, as she passed down to-day.

THE MOB AT CATLETTSBURG.

About 11:30 this morning several hundred men took a locomotive and several cars at Ashland, and proceeded to Catlettsburg. The authorities were apprised of their approach, and the prisoners were taken at once to the wharfboat, where the artillery was planted to command the grade. Two companies were left in charge of the prisoners, two stationed at the head of the grade, and others at different points, completely covering all avenues to the wharf. When the train arrived, a committee of five was sent to demand the prisoners of Maj. Allen. He said he would not surrender them while he had a man left." The leading citizens succeeded by earnest persuasion in keeping the citizens from precipitating themselves upon the military, and a conflict was averted for the time. After the Granite State left with the prisoners and their escort, the citizens boarded the train and left for Ashland, arriving a few minutes ahead of the boat. They disembarked and about thirty or forty, mostly wild boys, boarded the ferryboat and started out to bail the Granite State, which had whistled to land, but was hurrying by near the Ohio shore. The ferry had reached the middle of the river as the Granite State passed her. She had disregarded the ferryboat's signal to land. About this time some one on the boat

FIRE A REVOLVER.

and the military opened a murderous fire, piercing two steam-pipes and the boiler man, head. There was no further reply from the disabled ferryboat. Several had been wounded on her, but none killed. The fire of the soldiers was still kept up, but turned principally against the crowd of unoffending spectators upon the wharf and Front street. All who were killed and mortally wounded were shot on or near the grade, from whence not a shot had been fired. After all shooting had ceased from the ferryboat, the mil-

itary kept firing as long as they could see the boat or a soul in town.

THE CARACULUS.

As far as your correspondent could learn, there are twenty-nine killed and wounded, whose names are given below. There are doubtless others, overlooked in the excitement:

John Bass, killed.

Jas. McDonald, killed.

Mart Dunlap and Alex. Watts, mortally wounded.

John Gallagher, mortal.

Julius Summers, leg.

Tom Bird, head.

Chas. Donald (boy), leg.

Wm. Searcy, knee.

Mrs. H. B. Butler, leg.

Willie Springer, shoulder.

A. H. Dixon, hands.

Mrs. Jack Searcy, shoulder, mortal.

Thos. Demora, both feet.

Robert Pritchard, hip.

M. A. Ball, shoulder and leg.

Graham Randall, mortal.

Martin Green, leg.

Dr. Gill, arm.

Col. Reper, killed.

Geo. Keener, killed.

Mr. Vierlap's baby, killed.

Bob Lathers, breast.

W. Wangfair, arm.

Wm. Meyers, hip.

Unknown man, leg.

Geo. Warner, head.

Win. Kinney, hand.

Ab. Harris, hip.

Keener was shot through the forehead while standing on the grade; Col. Reper was shot through the heart; Mrs. Henry Dunlap's babe had its brains blown out as she held it in her arms; Mrs. Searcy was shot in a third-story window; Mrs. Butler at the Union depot. There is terrible excitement in Ashland and

PICTURE INDIGNATION

at this uncalculated attack upon the place. If the fight had been confined to the ferryboat and stopped when resistance ceased, there would have been some excuse for the military, but as it is, the blood of innocent men, women and babies is on their hands.

GOV. T. A. HENDRICKS.

The Gravest Fears of the Final Result of His Illness Experienced by the Friends of the Afflicted Statesman.

Courier-Journal Special.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 30.—The condition of Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks to night is such as to cause the greatest anxiety to his friends. Mrs. Hendricks is very much alarmed. His trouble is a senile gangrene in the third and fourth toes of the left foot. It has its origin in a slight paralytic stroke suffered about six months ago. He is attended by Drs. Purdin, W. C. Thompson and Lockridge. The case was first diagnosed as erysipelas, but it is now known to be gangrene, undoubtedly. He has suffered considerable pain, but not so much to-day as heretofore. Dr. Thompson said this afternoon that the case was not hopeless, and that the physicians hoped Mr. Hendricks' fine constitution and previous temperate life would enable him to throw off the disease without the loss of a member, but of this they would be enabled to speak more advisedly within three or four days. The fact that Mr. Hendricks' father, grandfather and only child died of gangrene is a source of great uneasiness, and the general impression is that the idol of the Indiana democracy is doomed to a speedy death. The intimate friends of Gov. Hendricks know that his health has not been the best for the past two years, and in the last six months his face has been presenting an ashy appearance. He was advised by his physicians in the campaign two years ago not to speak more than three times a week, and the same advice was given him at the opening of the present campaign. An intimate friend of the afflicted statesman stated this evening that the best he hoped for was the imputation of the diseased limb. Several eminent physicians here, however, take a more hopeful view of the situation, telling your correspondent that he may escape without serious results. The news of his dangerous condition has spread like wildfire throughout the state, the greatest solicitude is felt, and the latest bulletins from his sick chamber are watched with eager interest. Many telegrams have been received to-day from all parts of the country asking for the facts relating to his illness. Mr. Hendricks himself is not seriously alarmed, and does not regard his condition as serious, much less critical. He is cheerful and evinces much interest in hearing the latest news from the political front. The present effort of his physicians will be to counteract the threatened pyemic condition of his blood. His condition is dangerous, but not necessarily fatal.

An Example Followed.

Courier-Journal, Oct. 31.

The evil influence of unpunished crime is strikingly illustrated in the neighboring county of Boone. At Walton, in that county, not long since, a young man with a newly-bought revolver, said to his companions, "See me pick out the middle man," pointing to three men on the top of a freight car in a passing train. With a bullet from his revolver he picked the railroad man out so effectually that death resulted in a few days. The reckless young man was tried and by a jury of his peers acquitted. This is the example.

The other day in the same county of Boone, two or three lads went out with guns on a hunt. They found a little boy in a hickory tree. Said one of the young hunters to his companions, "See me pick him out." He complied and peppered the legs of the little boy in the tree with bird-shot.

This was clearly following an example. The influence of the acqu